

Mary MacLeod's Migration (1930)

Atlantic of ice:
Numbs the heart,
Chills the bone.
Takes a bold sort of lassie
To travel alone.

'Pull me up!' cries a voice
On the brash side of girlish.
And our Mary's aboard
Waves impulsive and churlish.

If she turned, Mary knows
She'd see Scotland's sun simmer.
Auburn ringlets backlit
While her homeland grows dimmer.

Yet (wee hand on her Bible),
Mary locks her gaze straight.
Pages curl, thumbprints crinkle,
Unwilling to wait.

Flame of freedom; gold glitter
'Liberty,' Mary thinks.
Setting sail to claim greatness
'Those who can't swim? They sink.'